

## HUMOR OF THE CLOTH

GOOD STORIES THAT ARE CREDITED TO PROMINENT DIVINES.

The Late Bishop Potter as Remarkable for His Wit as for His Eloquence—Archbishop Magee's Humorous Appeal.

Probably one of the prettiest compliments ever paid to the fair sex was that contained in the answer made by Dr. Potter, bishop of New York, who was once asked by a lady why, in the many pictures and studies of angels exhibited, the angels were always depicted either as women or as young men without beards or moustaches. "Everyone knows," replied the bishop, "that women naturally inherit the kingdom of heaven, but men only get in by a very close shave."

This story is related by the Rev. T. Selby Henrey, vicar of St. George, Brentford, whose little volume, entitled "Attic Salt," provides many an illustration of the fact that wit and appreciation of humor are not the least prominent characteristics of leading divines. He tells a story of the late Dr. Creighton, who one received a book from a second-rate author, to whom he replied by return of post, "I thank you very much for forwarding to me your book, and I promise you faithfully that I will not lose any time in reading it."

Another gem is the story once told by Dr. Gore, bishop of Oxford, at his own expense. "In Birmingham," he said, "I once overheard two street arabs discussing my appearance. At last one said to the other, 'I tell you what, Bill—be's a Highlander what's caught cold in his legs.'"

It was Archbishop Magee who was credited with the well-known saying when a waiter dropped some hot soup down his neck: "Is there any layman present who will kindly express my feelings?" while the following is one of the best stories told of Archbishop Temple. A lady of position, sitting near him at dinner, asked him, in a most insinuating voice: "My aunt was prevented at the last moment from sailing in that ship which foundered last week. Would you not, bishop, call that a most providential interposition?"

"Can't tell. Didn't know your aunt!" Temple said, in his characteristic blunt manner.

There is, by the way, an amusing clerical story in Lady Southwark's Reminiscences, lately published. A Somersetshire rector inquired after a sick child who had been very ill.

"Oh, Agnes has recovered," replied the woman, very casually, "but"—in heartrending accents—"I've lost my pig."

"Oh, how thankful you must be that your child has been spared," cooed the visitor.

"Oh, I don't know about that. Little Agnes might have been a blessed angel in heaven by now, but pigs is a dead loss!"—London Tit-Bits.

### Sorting the Twins.

Two brothers who have been called up for service in a Paris regiment are so alike that it is impossible to distinguish between them. The other day one of the pair was confined to bar racks, but, by changing his cap, with its regimental number, for that of his brother, the defaulter was able to pass the guard with impunity whenever he wished to go out.

The colonel of the regiment has now issued the following order: "The soldier Bonhomme (even number) will wear his hair as long as the regulations, construed with the utmost leniency, will allow, and will shave his beard and moustache. The soldier Bonhomme (odd number) will allow his beard and moustache to grow full, and will have his hair regularly cut as closely as possible by the regimental barber."—Daily Mail.

### Husband Boosts Alimony.

The case of a man going into the supreme court and consenting to have a separation agreement with his wife set aside so he will be compelled to pay her more alimony occurs so seldom that when Justice Giegerich at New York set aside the separation agreement between Samuel Pelz, a cotton goods merchant at 160 Canal street, and his wife, Mrs. Rose Pelz, it aroused some interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Pelz were separated in 1908 under an agreement by which Pelz paid his wife \$5,000 in lieu of all further alimony. Mrs. Pelz recently sued for divorce, naming Fannie Lefkowitz as corespondent. Pelz thought his wife was entitled to more alimony in view of her divorce case and consented to an order by Justice Giegerich directing him to pay \$1,000 alimony and \$500 counsel fees.

### In a Pinch.

A cadet officer in the Pennsylvania Military college was reported by a faculty officer for "language," rather a severe mark in that austere institution. At the time appointed for the hearing of "explanations" of marks, the offending cadet presented himself before the commandant.

"Well, sir, how did it happen that you were guilty of using improper language while on duty?" the colonel inquired.

"Why, sir, as officer of the day I was inspecting the guard. In handling one of the rifles the lock snapped shut on my finger, and it just naturally pinched 'heif' out of me."

Not only was the mark "taken off," but the colonel gleefully reported to the entire corps the cadet officer's witty explanation of his offenses.—Lipshaw.

## BAMBOO AS PAPER MATERIAL

Experiments Being Made With the Hope That This Material May Be Found Available.

Inventors are seeking a substitute for the wood pulp in the manufacture of paper. So far various methods have been tried to produce the coarser grades of paper from corn husks, grass, reeds and other forms of vegetable life, but print paper has not yet been successfully produced from anything except wood pulp.

In the far east they are making experiments with bamboo as a possible basis for the making of pulp. Some capitalists of the Orient have gone so far as to establish factories in Siam, Burma and India, but the undertaking has not yet been altogether successful. The great factor against the success of the enterprise in India seems to be the question of satisfactory and cheap transportation.

Pulp so far manufactured has had the fault of being too dark in color to bring a satisfactory price. Bamboos most of the time so far have cost \$3.41 gold a ton. Little of the product so far has been sold, but samples submitted in London indicate that the company may receive as high as \$58.27 gold a ton. The maximum output of the factory so far has not exceeded half of the original expectation of 18 tons of pulp a day, but it is now expected that with a small addition to the plant a normal output of 12 tons can be maintained and that this rate may be exceeded in time, with comparatively little additional expense.

The critical feature of the entire enterprise seems to be in the matter of bleaching the pulp. Experts claim for bamboo pulp certain advantages, among which is the fact that bamboo pulp can be had in parts of the world where other pulp materials are not to be had; it produces a fine pulp which bleaches readily and produces a thick opaque paper of greater thickness than usual for its weight, making it especially suitable for particular varieties of paper; the fine fibrous fiber is easily digested by the ordinary sulphide process and the bamboo can readily be handled mechanically and chemically.

### Engineers Laugh at Obstacles.

Like the mining engineer, the building engineer now finds practically no problem in his field which he can not solve, and the question of excavating for foundations for high buildings is little more than a routine matter. Depth is no great hindrance, as has been demonstrated in New York. For the greatest office structure in the world, on the site of the Equitable building, destroyed by fire, the engineers dug and blasted far below the street, and at a depth of eighty feet found a rock bed around the entire site for the more important base of the foundation. It is on this bedrock that the mighty cofferdam, which will form the true middle of a foundation covering over 49,000 square feet, will be built. The cofferdam itself, when complete, will be a solid concrete wall, six feet broad and eighty feet deep, strengthened or reinforced by heavy steel rods.

### Dinner Evidently Was a Success.

The Ladies' Aid of Buffalo gave a big chicken pie dinner at the sale in Shill's hall last Saturday. There was a large attendance and the whole affair was a success. The ladies know that advertising pays, and they patronized the pages of the Review liberally with their announcements. The women that made the chicken pies were on the job with both feet and their hats on and the fried cake and bean artists produced an article that tasted moreish. There was a big bunch of youngsters present and when they got action on the chicken pie and other "fixens" the food disappeared like water down a badger hole. The financial end of the dinner produced the sum of \$165.50 in cash. There is no disputing the fact that when the Ladies' Aid of Buffalo squares away to do things they do them.—Buffalo (Mont.) Review.

### High-Speed Shorthand Machine.

A new shorthand machine, called the stenotype, has made its appearance at a competition in New York. It takes down 592 words a minute and weighs eight pounds. The working of it is based on phonetic spelling. Several letters can be printed by striking one key, while it is possible to strike two keys with one finger. The 23 keys represent seven consonants and every combination of sounds used in speech, together with about 150 standard abbreviations—the sole code that the operator must master. The machine is not being sold to the general public, the sale being restricted to students of business schools qualified as competent operators, in order to keep the device from becoming a drug on the market.

### Cynics in Politics.

A new York reformer said at a dinner: "We have no use for the cynic—no use for the man who, having been asked to define the word 'reformer,' said: 'Reformer? Oh, he's a chap who failed to get an office out of either party.'"

### Eve Not a Suffragist.

"A woman ought to stay at home attending to the dinner," said the man who resents present tendencies. "No," replied Mr. Meekton, "that's where the human race made its first great mistake. If Eve had been out lecturing instead of passing round the fruit, we'd have been spared an immense amount of trouble."—Exhibition.

# DREAM CITY OF WORLD

VENICE is the dream city of the world. You cannot imagine it before seeing it and after leaving it I think it must be hard to believe in its existence, writes P. C. Mowrer in the Chicago Daily News. Traveling, while probably the best brain stimulant and mind enlarger known, is apt to spell disillusion most of the time. Foreign places, after all, are amazingly like home; foreigners seem to be just plain human beings doing common-place things in queer ways and the "wonders" we have anticipated with excitement from childhood dwindle dolefully on being visited. The only scenery I have found which exactly coincided with my previous fancy is in the highlands of Scotland and the only city thus far which has surpassed my fondest expectations is Venice.

In these days you usually enter a town by that most depressing of back doors, a railroad yard, hemmed about with dingy traffic and squalid buildings. Venice is approached not through the grime of manufacturing suburbs, but by a viaduct, across more than two miles of breezy sea, on whose horizon seems to lie some fair mirage in the form of a city—a jewel city set clean out in water and light. Suddenly the sea is blotted from about you by a wall. You are in a railroad station.

### The Dream Begins.

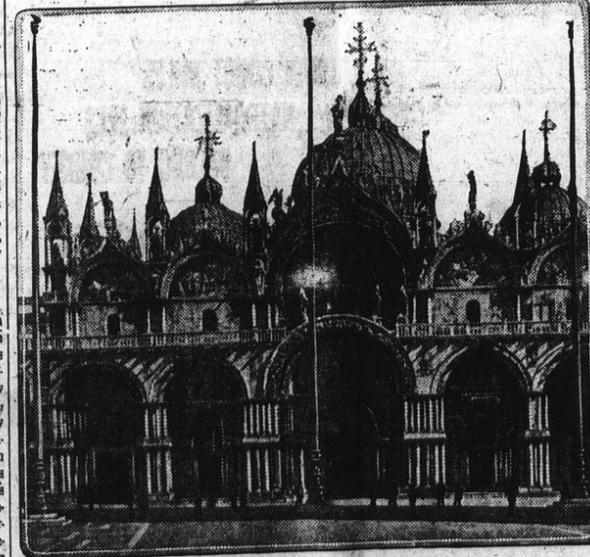
"Just like other railroad stations," you say cynically to yourself, and drift toward the exit to find a cab. You step forth and presto! the dream begins—or at least it did for me. Of course, I had heard there were canals for streets and gondolas for transportation in Venice, but without just realizing what this meant. Here before me was a beautiful sweep of green water which I knew, by the handsome stone fronted buildings that bordered

and churches in Venice prescribed for visiting by the guide books, but though I enjoy paintings and architecture, I confess that the beauties of natural Venice quite blind me to the lesser beauties of art. What are the galleries to me, when I can lie back on cushions and glide in a gondola through miracles of shifting and reflected lights, of color and surface and form, past old walls red with wood-bine, under bridges reflected ghostly white in the green water, past scows like water beetles, their backs heaped with furniture or cabbages, past old warehouses reeking of curious oriental spices, always to the lapping music of the water under the prow, broken only by the shouting of the gondoliers as they near crossings in the crowded canals?

### Feeding the Pigeons.

Since my arrival I have not neglected to make it the first pleasure of each day to go at once into the Piazza San Marco, buy for a penny a cornucopia of corn from a convenient old man, and with a magnanimous sowing of the golden grain bring about my feet a hundred or so of the vast numbers of pigeons who now inhabit the most beautiful portions of the cathedral, the ducal palace and the old library. They are so tame that within a minute two or three are on my fingers and forearm trying to peck each other away from the banquet in my palm.

Yesterday a man near by me dented the crown of his hat and filled it with corn, whereupon half a dozen alighted on his head. They will eat from the hands even of those arch enemies of the feathered people, the small boys. And when I desire to taste the sensation of triumphal emperors, I begin to walk across the Piazza, flinging corn before me as I go, so that the pigeons sail and flutter in magnificent legions



ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL.

it opposite, must be the Grand canal. Here at my feet was a fleet of the most graceful small boats ever designed, long and black and narrow, each with the scimitar like sword of medieval Venice decking its prow, each with a sun burned, picturesquely dressed oarsman at its stern.

Quietly, with none of that clamor usual in Italy, I was motioned aboard one of these fairy craft, my baggage was stowed forward and I was propelled in silence through shadowy lanes of limpid water to my hotel, into the front door of which I stepped right from the gondola. For the arrival of a stranger in a strange city, it was all preposterously lovely. And I may say at once that after nearly a week here I am still tranquilly dazed with the beauty of the place.

In practically all respects, save that of comfort, Venice has kept its medieval aspect. This is due to the absence of horses or of wheeled vehicles of any kind. All traffic passes through the waterways in barges or gondolas. The narrow streets which interlace between the canals are used only by pedestrians, and are spotlessly clean, somewhat like strips of courtyard of American flat buildings, save for the bright display of merchandise and the endless passing of the crowds. To walk about in these streets is a pleasant mystery. They wind ceaselessly, and just when you think you are surely coming out somewhere near the spot you were foolish enough to aim for, you are brought up abruptly by a canal with no bridge, and have to adventure some long detour. Your recompense is that the jumping off place at which you emerged was likely to have given you one more of the inexhaustible variety of picturesque views which will never cease to draw artists to Venice as long as the tides wash the canals and the stones of the palaces stand.

There are a good many museums

before my steps. This is better than flowers, for flowers let you crush them under your heel.

I used to think that the Place du Marche in Brussels, with its beautiful Gothic facades, was the finest public square in existence. The Piazza San Marco, however, is as fine, in its own way, though it is in the renaissance style. About the hour the pigeons are going to bed I sit at a safe in the Piazza San Marco, just out from under the enclosing arcade, so that I can see the oriental domes and gilded arches of St. Mark's, and I watch the people pass.

Last night I was reading what Theophile Gautier wrote about Venice over half a century ago. It seems to me there is little to change in his colored pages. True, the gaudy uniforms of the Austrian officers no longer mingle with the crowd, but what is far more important, so far as the picture is concerned, the Venetian women have not changed. They still have the red-brown hair, which Titian painted and Gautier so admired. They still wear their graceful long-fringed shawls.

Although the popular mode of European dress has changed a great deal in the last three centuries, this fact seems to make less difference here than elsewhere.

### Corn Cob Pipe Industry.

Millions of corn cobs discarded by farmers were in 1912 turned into an available and useful commodity worth more than one-half million dollars by six factories of the state of Missouri, according to advance information of the 1913 Red Book of the bureau of labor statistics. The industry is one peculiar to Missouri. The commodity is the ordinary corn cob pipe. The six factories produced 28,171,872 cob pipes in 1912. Not less than 15,000,000 cob pipes were utilized for the output, allowing two bowls to each cob.

## HAVE A MOTIVE IN WORK

Successful Writer Gives Some Good Advice to Those Who Would Appeal to the Public.

Jack London, who says we should all do our work with a motive, and that whether that work be laying bricks or swabbing a deck or writing short stories, we will succeed only by following that principle, was recently in Los Angeles—with a motive. His motive was to arrange for the reproduction of some of his stories on the moving-picture screen.

London pleaded guilty to having escaped from the hospital six days after entering, but laughingly intimated that his press agent's story that he had been operated on for appendicitis without anesthetic during his stay in bed was slightly exaggerated.

"My 'escape' was connived at by the doctor, who took me home," he said frankly.

London looks 30 and talks at the rate of 900 words a minute. But his talk is worth listening to—full of color, out-of-doors, snap and vigor, made up of short sentences, punctuated with occasional forceful gestures and consistently socialistic in tone.

"I started writing when I was too poor to buy magazines, to find out what a story was," he said. "In those days I went to the library and crammed myself full of the stories that were selling. Then I sailed in."

"Successful writing depends on clear thinking. Know what you want to say. The words with which you think out your story are the words you should use. If you are thinking clearly—you see?"

"There are tricks and devices that I use—tools in the art. I build on a motive—a thesis, and my story has a dual nature. On the surface is the simple story any child can read—full of action, movement, color. Under that is the real story, philosophical, complex, full of meaning. One reader gets the interesting story, the other sees my philosophy of life."

"If you are filled with enthusiasm for one thing, if you have one preachment: if you see with a wide vision and hold fast to that one thing, you'll succeed."

## EASY TO SATISFY MALONEY

Asked to Name His Reward, He at First Flew High and Then Descended.

It was the recruit squad, and the "rookies" were hot, tired and bad-tempered, as they went awkwardly through the endless drills.

"Ye miserable, blithering spalpeens," yelled Sergeant Murphy. "Put some life in it, ye blundering muddlers!"

"Ha' ye got no bones in yer back at all?" he snorted to one particularly tired-looking recruit. "The only man among ye worth his pipeclay is Private Maloney! Stand out, Maloney, me bhoys. Ye deserve a reward for the way ye show up this lot. Now, is there anything ye'd specially like that I can give ye?"

Straight as a clearing-rod stood Private Maloney, and, casting one eye at his sergeant, he said:

"If it makes no difference, sergeant, I'd like the Victoria Cross."

"Now, don't ye be a fool, too, Maloney, me man. The cross is only given for conspicuous bravery."

"Well, then, sergeant, have yer got an old tunic or an old pair of trousers that ye're done with?" asked the redoubtable one.

### How Weather Influences Business

That is an old-time joke that Philadelphia man turned up his trousers because it rained in London. But the weather exerts a wider influence than that.

A Philadelphia manufacturer who employs more than a thousand hands has told me that a bad day reduces the efficiency of his plant 5 per cent.

The Bank of England locks up certain of its important books on especially foggy days, not because of darkness, but for fear the dulled bookkeepers may make an error.

It has been noticed frequently that a bright day following several stormy ones will stimulate the buying of stock. Men are naturally more optimistic and buoyant when the sun shines.

### New Idea.

The other evening a man, in what some novelists would call "faultless evening dress," was observed to be a new advertisement in disguise; that is to say, when the man opened his coat and pressed something, certain illuminated letters appeared on his shirt front. Also, on the same evening there was a man walking about the West end of London wearing the ordinary evening clothes and—white socks. His pumps were black. He was not an advertisement for anybody but himself. Here is an idea for some of you young bloods who want to distinguish yourself in the ballroom. Just wear white socks and note the glances.

### Time to Quit.

"You are drinking too much at this ball."

"That is because my girl is flirting with other fellows. But I'll make her jealous. Did you see me talking to yonder tall dame?"

"I saw you talking to a piano lamp."

### Real Truth.

"You told me you married me for love and then you told one of your horrid bachelor friends you married me merely for my money."

"Well, both are right. I married you for love of your money."

## APOLOGY MEANS MUCH

WRITER CALLS IT HANDSOMEST THING IN THE WORLD.

Calls for Generosity in Man or Woman Willing to Admit They Were in the Wrong—Means a Sense of Justice.

An apology is the handsomest thing in the world—and the manliest and the womanliest.

I have often heard men say they never apologized. Sometimes I have heard women. Pitiful, indeed, it becomes to them. A woman without religion is no more repulsive to me than one who "never apologizes."

An apology requires a native humility of which only great souls are capable. It requires generosity to be willing to humble yourself. It takes faith in humanity to think your apology will be accepted. You must have a sense of justice to believe that you owe it.

There is only one thing meaner than a person who never apologizes, and that is a person who will not accept one.

From the standpoint of observation and inexperience, I should say that the supreme lack of men as lovers is the inability to say, "I am sorry, dear; forgive me." And to keep on saying it until the hurt is entirely gone. You gave her a deep wound. Be manly enough to stay by it until it has healed. Men will go to any trouble, any expense, any personal inconvenience, to heal it without the simple use of those simple words.

A man thinks if a woman begins to smile again after a hurt, for which he has not yet apologized, has commenced to grow dull, that the worst is over and that, if he keeps away from the dangerous subject, he has done his duty. Besides, hasn't he given her a piano to pay for it? But that same man would call another man a brute who insisted upon healing up a finger with the splinter still in it, so that an accidental pressure would always cause pain.

I honestly believe that the simple phrase, "I am sorry, dear; forgive me," has done more to hold brothers to the home, to endear sisters to each other, to comfort mothers and fathers, to tie friends together, to placate lovers; that more marriages have taken place because of them and more have held together on account of them; that more love of all kinds has been engendered by them than by any other words in the English language.—From "Love Making as a Fine Art." Copyright by Harper & Bros.

### Regrets Boyfish Folly.

A man I know has a good position. In his duties his right hand is displaced frequently through the day. He saw me glance at it once and without a moment's hesitation said:

"I would almost give \$1,000 if that tattoo mark was not there. But from it I cannot get away."

He told this story. When a boy with others in his neighborhood they met a sailor who could tattoo. The boys took the game and for a slight reward the sailor placed these indelible marks, sometimes on the arm and occasionally on the hand.

"After all these years," he said, "I am handicapped by that little American flag. I am not ashamed of the flag; proud of it, in fact, but it attracts attention which mortifies me. Away from my duties I wear a glove to cover it and at home I do not care, for there it is an old story of a boy who was a boy when a boy, and who cared nothing in the world about his future."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

### Where Money is Hidden.

When a man believed to be John G. Stenger was found hanging to a tree recently at Dover, N. J., it was noted that the suicide had a wooden leg. Searching him for something by which to identify him, the police discovered a drawer in the wooden leg that opened and closed with a spring. In it were found \$1.07 and some private papers.

The dead man's leg had been his bank. Strange as this is, it is not more so than the case of the well-known old miser of St. Paul, Minn., who for many years made his head his bank. He wore a wig, and between it and his bare poll were over a dozen \$10,000 bills laid flat in a piece of silk. Several times his house was entered by thieves and they went away balked. It was only at his death that the odd hiding place was found. A note explained that he had found the head bank the safest place of all, and that he had carried \$100,000 in it for a score of years.

### Sarah Bernhardt Solved Problem.

A new story is being told of Sarah Bernhardt.

At the great actress' theater in Paris where a new play is being rehearsed, difficulty arose over a scene in which one of the characters makes a purchase of eggs. The problem lay in the correct method of wrapping them up.

Sarah Bernhardt decided to settle the question by practical experience. Ordering her chauffeur to stop at a dairy in the Rue St. Denis, she walked into the shop and said: "Madame, I want half a dozen eggs."

The dairymaid required a moment or two to recover from her astonishment at the sight of this fine lady. Then she took six eggs from a basket, wrapped them up in a bit of old newspaper, and handed them to the actress.

The problem was solved—and Sarah's chauffeur that evening dined on a splendid omelette.